

THE EXAMINER.

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We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

Editorial Correspondence.
BOSTON, Aug. 10th.

My Dear Sirs:

In visiting Boston and its vicinity, one's mind is very forcibly impressed with the intense activity of the people, and with their power of overcoming obstacles. These two traits seem peculiarly characteristic. While spending an hour or two, a few days since, at the house of a friend, who lives a few miles from Boston on the line of one of the railroads, I was struck with the constant passing of trains of cars, and, in answer to some remark, my friend said that every twenty hours fifty-six trains, freight and passenger, passed over that road. When one considers the great length of many of these trains, some of the freight-trains numbering twenty, thirty, or forty cars, and that this is but one of eight or nine other thousands of persons are daily carried to and from Boston; and when, in addition, one reflects upon the great, apparently almost insuperable, obstacles in the way of the construction of these roads, he ceases to wonder at the prosperity of this city, though he can never cease to wonder at and admire the activity, courage and perseverance manifested. He feels that a people which has the confidence to plan, and the energy to carry through, such works, cannot but succeed. Depressed they may be for a time, but disheartened they never can be.

The power of triumphing over obstacles, which so strikingly distinguishes this people, is also seen in the surpassing beauty of the neighborhood of Boston. Here is a country of poor soil, rocky and barren, and yet, by industry and intelligence, unwearying labor, the soil has been made to yield bountifully, and on many a place-like mansion from which it will turn with reluctance.

When, you may ask, this success and beauty? Two words give the answer—intelligent labor. Active hands are guided by active and well-developed minds. Do you inquire further, whence this mental activity and development? The answer is equally obvious—universal education. Education is regarded here not merely as an element, but as the element—the important and main element of social prosperity and happiness. From the earliest settlement of this country the cause of education has held a prominent place in the affections of the people, and one only needs a glance at the magnificent (this epithet I use not carelessly, but as truly expressive) buildings which Boston has erected for her public schools, to see that the interest in this cause has not abated. In walking through the various parts of the city you continually meet with edifices whose external appearance, beautiful as it is, gives one a faint idea of the elegance and comfort which are manifest within. The character of these buildings may be inferred from the fact, that three were finished within a year at an average expense of not less than seventy thousand dollars. You can easily imagine that a school house, erected at an expense of seventy or eighty thousand dollars, may be attractive not only to the passing stranger, but to the young, for whose special welfare it is designed.

It is not only in the style of building that the interest felt in the cause of education is revealed. Such salaries are paid to the teachers as will insure talents of high order and well-versed experience. The principals of the Grammar schools receive fifteen hundred dollars per annum, while to the principals of the English and Latin schools twenty-five hundred dollars are paid. These sums seem large, but what is the result of their appropriation? The standard of instruction in the high schools of Boston is, without doubt, superior to that of any private school in the Union; and, what is especially worthy of consideration, the unequalled privileges of these schools can be enjoyed by the humblest boy in the city. This seems to me a true republicanism, a beautiful manifestation of the spirit of our country.

I perceive by the Auditor's report that the amount expended in this city in a single year, for schools and school-houses, was \$298,919 49, nearly one-quarter part of all the ordinary expenses of the city.

To many this may seem an enormous expenditure—but is it not truly a wise expenditure? What incalculable good is thus done to the minds and hearts of the young; what increase is made in the productive energies, in the wealth of the whole community, by developing and enriching the intellects of all classes, thereby rendering labor intelligent and profitable; and what a tribute is thus paid to the cause of education, which is thus emphatically and constantly declared an all-important and sacred cause.

Yours, with esteem,
J. H. H.

The Union.

We do not belong to that class in the community who profess to regard the union of these States lightly. From childhood's earliest hours we have been accustomed to listen attentively to narratives from the lips of those whose memories embrace the whole period of our national existence. The perils, the trials, and the difficulties that were encountered and overcome by our fathers, in their efforts to establish a republic on this continent, were, until lately, considered by all as amply compensated by the many advantages that have resulted from the Union they perfected. These wise and patriotic men did not exaggerate the importance of a Union of the different States. They were convinced that the mutual interests of the various sections would be greatly promoted thereby, and the experience of our government has demonstrated the truth of that conviction. Under our federal Union the nation has rapidly advanced in the career of prosperity and greatness. It has secured the respect of the civilized nations of the world; and our example has been constantly pointed to by the men of other governments, as a bright and shining evidence of the truth of man's capacity for self-government. Our government is the polar star by which the subjects of the old monarchies and despoticisms have hoped, at some fitting period, to guide their own nations. It is a standing rebuke to kingcraft—a fact that has successfully withstood all the logic and the meers of the advocates of monarchy; and by its success has kept the flame of liberty alive in thousands of hearts, which but for such encouragement would have become dark and departing.

The influence of our Union is seen in the present condition of Europe. Great and beneficent political revolutions are there in progress, which in their consummation will be a source of substantial benefit to contemporary and coming millions. Our government is thus the light of the political world. That light has shined across the darkness of despotism and cheered the oppressed who sat within its baleful shadow.

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We confess we have a most sacred regard for
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A Clerical Defender of Slavery.
We were prevented from attending the Colo-
nization meeting which was held last week in
the First Presbyterian Church. We have heard
some of the speeches, particularly that of Dr.
Breckinridge, highly spoken of. Another re-
verend gentleman delivered an address which
we have not heard highly spoken of, and to which
a good many persons have requested us to make a
reply. They tell us that the community expect
some remarks from us; and we have determin-
ed in this instance to obey the voice of the peo-
ple.

The speaker to whom we refer contended that
slavery was an excellent institution; that it was
authorized by both the Old Testament and the
New; that at the time in which the New Testa-
ment was written, God did not interfere with
slavery, though it existed in a much severer form
than it does at present. He quoted passages
from some authors to show what kind of slavery
God had approved, or refrained from disapprov-
ing, in ancient times, and inferred that, for
course, he would not disapprove of the milder
kind that exists in modern times. He asserted
that those are in error who say that the slavery
which exists among us originated altogether in
violence and robbery; that the slaves had been
generally bought; that the trade was a matter of
bargain and sale; that the condition of those
who had been removed from Africa had been im-
proved.

We do not know that if we had followed the
dictates of our own judgment, we should have
thought it worth while to reply to such an ad-
dress. If from some old ruined convent, where
the owl had made his home for centuries, the
gloomy ghost of some monk of the dark ages
should come forth, raise his slow-moving hand,
and in deep sepulchral tones deliver a discourse
on the divine right of kings, and the glory of
"the good old times" when the robber baron
did nothing to do but plunder and destroy, we
do not know that it would be important to at-
tempt to overthrow his doctrines. Perhaps it
would be better to gaze at him in wonder for a
while, and then suffer him quietly to disappear.
The African slave trade once had its defenders,
but we thought that time had gone by. It has
been pronounced piracy by the civilized world;
and all engaged in it, the laws condemn to the
gallows. The horrors of the slave-trade have been
considered only to the horrors of hell, and the
commander often capable of giving in-
struction even to a fiend. But here we have one
among us, even in the sacred pulp, who de-
clares in this nothing but bargain and sale!
Clarkson and Wilberforce, and others of the
great and good in the eighteenth century, thought
it worth while to devote their lives to the aboli-
tion of this accursed traffic—a Christian minist-
er in the nineteenth century believes that all
their labors were directed against a mere busi-
ness transaction! We are confident, however,
that the speaker would not justify the deeds con-
nected with the African slave-trade. He per-
haps spoke without thinking, in the heat of dis-
cussion. It is strange, too, that he should make
a statement uttered in this way assume so im-
portant a place in his argument. Probably he
has not informed himself on the subject, and has
merely some vague idea that the whites bought
from the Africans the prisoners taken in battle.
He probably does not know that the wars in
which these captives have been taken are the
wars of the wolf against the sheepfold; that on
the appearance of a slave-ship on the coast, fire
burst forth in the village, and the wretched in-
habitants have rushed out of their huts, and
into the snare of the slave-trader; that the hus-
band has been taken from the rice field, the wife
on her return from a visit, the brother while
planting yams, and the sister while going into
the water to bathe. He has probably never
learned that the slave-trader has bought with
shells and beads those whom he knew to have
been taken in wars made expressly for the pur-
pose of capturing them. It is charitable to sup-
pose him ignorant of all these things.

The gentleman stated that the condition of
the African had been improved by his transpor-
tation to this country. This is true, in some
respects; but was that the object of the villain
who stole him, or caused him to be stolen? Was
it to promote the happiness of the African that
the slave-dealer condemned him to all the hor-
rors of the middle passage—to worse than the
agonies of death? We are to suppose the tra-
der possessed of a kind, benevolent heart, with
his own way of showing it!

There is no such thing as unmitigated evil
in the world; out of the greatest evils Providence
brings some good. It is well for us that he
does. If our wicked deeds brought upon us
unmitigated evil, we should be in a wretched
condition indeed. Even Herod's murder of the
innocents was followed by some good results.
But we are not to justify ourselves because our
ill-intentioned actions, by the arrangements of
a Higher Power, have some good consequences.

If we had stolen the Africans even with the
intention of bettering their condition, we should
be guilty. The deity has never given us per-
mission to "do evil that good may come."—
Bishop Warburton lived in the eighteenth cen-
tury, but it appears that there is a minister of
the gospel "in the full blaze of the nineteenth
century" who might learn from him. "In ex-
cuse of this violation," says he, "it hath been
pretended, that though indeed these miserable
outcasts of humanity be torn from their homes
and native country, by fraud and violence, yet
they thereby become the happier, and their con-
dition the more eligible. But who are you,
who pretend to judge of another man's hap-
piness—that state which each man, under the
guidance of his Maker, forms for himself, and
not one man for another? To know what con-
sistencies mine or your happiness, is the sole pri-
vilege of Him who created us, and cast us in
so various and different moulds."

If our object had been to benefit the in-
habitants of Africa, we should probably have
thought of other means than stealing them from
their homes. If the energy which has been
displayed in enslaving the Africans had been ex-
erted in efforts to enlighten them, to establish
legitimate trade with them, to teach them the
arts of civilized life, what improvements might
we not have seen in their condition? Perhaps
they might have been in even a better condi-
tion than one of hopeless slavery, desirable as
that may be!

The reverend gentleman claims to be an em-
phatic Defender of Peace; he comes pro-
fessing to bring "good tidings of great joy,
which shall be to all people." Let us listen to
his message to the sons of Africa: "Come,"
says he, as we understand him, "to bring you a
glorious message. You that have been sitting
in darkness shall see great light—the light of
your burning homes. You shall be snatched
from the burning, and hurried off to the
slave-ships by those who have too high a sense
of the importance of their mission, and are too
free from all mere human feelings to listen to
your prayers and wailings. You shall then be
cramped by hand-ropes into narrow dungeons,
and subjected to such treatment as will effec-
tually crush the last feeling of earthily pride in
your bosoms, and wear you from your joys of
the world. At last you shall be landed upon a
strange shore, and there sold to unfeeling
hands, who, to promote your welfare, will con-
demn you and your children to eternal slavery.
To prevent your hearts from being filled with
the pride of wisdom, you shall be debased from
the means of acquiring knowledge. To save
you from being annoyed with earthly affec-
tions, no marriage shall unite you with the
freel daughters of earth; and the children which

chance shall give you shall be yours only for a
moment. Such is the glorious destiny that
awaits you! Rejoice and be exceeding glad!"

The reverend speaker contended that the
slavery which existed in the time of the Saviour
and his apostles was not condemned by them—
was not inconsistent with their doctrines; that
they declared "the whole counsel of God," and
the slavery of that day was not inconsistent with
his will. It was no mere "slavery in the ab-
stract," no "slavery in itself," that the God of
justice tolerated, but slavery as it existed then.
Now let us look at a scene that presented itself
in the reign of Nero. All Rome is in con-
fusion—men are hurrying to and fro, their con-
sciences burning with rage and fury—the
hands of the populace are filled with stones and
firebrands—an insurrection is at hand. What
is the cause of all this commotion? Pedanius
Secundus, prefect of that city, has been mur-
dered by one of his slaves, and his whole family
of slaves, 400 in number, are to suffer death
for the crime of one, according to ancient law.
The innocent victims have never been discolor-
ed by an African sun; the blue veins show them-
selves through the white skin, and the hair is long
and straight. The people are filled with pity, and
then with indignation. The Senate is convened.
Some of the Senators embrace the popular
side, and exert themselves to save the innocent.
In vain. It has been "settled by the wisdom of
ages" that all shall perish, and the Senate de-
clares to let the law take its course. The soldiers
are drawn out; the people are overawed; the
victim perishes, and the law is satisfied. And
now a minister of the gospel wishes us to be-
lieve that a righteous God was looking upon all
this without disapprobation! If the speaker
had been an apostle to the Romans at that time,
and had told the people how the God whose re-
ligion he wished them to adopt regarded this
matter, he might have made a proselyte or two
among the luxurious Senators, perhaps; but
what would the people have said? They would
have driven him away with hisses and curses.
They would have exclaimed, "Away with your
God! We want none such wicked things as
our gods may have done many wicked things, as
you say, but nothing like this! Tell us no more
of your good notions!"

But it is not necessary for us to expose the
cruelty of slavery among the Greeks and Ro-
mans. The reverend gentleman did that him-
self. He exerted himself to set forth the hor-
rors which were practised; he referred to the
fact that the Spartans were in the habit of re-
turning their slaves to a state of beastly intoxi-
cation, in order that their children might be
degraded with the vice. In the language of a
gentleman who listened to him, "Ancient slavery
as depicted by him, was one of the most devil-
ish and cruel systems that ever cursed this
earth," and yet the speaker said that Christ and
his apostles never condemned this system!

Now, we must confess that we do not think
the speaker's sentiments are as bad as he him-
self represented them. In his anxiety to become
the champion of slavery, he must have misrep-
resented himself—must have been too anxious.
It is too much to suppose that any one who
calls himself a man, should, in this age, believe
that God did not disapprove of slavery as it ex-
isted among the Greeks and Romans.

We cannot see why the reverend gentleman
felt himself called upon to make a defence of
slavery at a meeting of the Colonization Society.
That Society is not an institution for the exten-
sion of slavery; and we feel sure that the be-
nevolent gentlemen connected with it in this
city disapprove of the delivery of that speech.
So far as we can see, the speaker's object was
merely to show that "some things can be done as
well with others." This position he succeeded in
establishing to the satisfaction of the most scepti-
cal. It is difficult to find a defender of slavery
among those who were born where it prevails,
and we infer that the speaker saw the light at
some distance from a slave State, and
"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

He has taken a bold position here, and we be-
lieve he will have no rival claimants for the hon-
or. He will be "alone in his glory." As Philip-
pides said of Napoleon, he will be "grand, gloomy
and peculiar." Or perhaps the gentleman would
prefer to be compared to

"The last race of summer,
Left blooming alone."

It is unnecessary for us to say that our own
columns are open to the gentleman, if he wish-
es to defend himself, or his positions. Time af-
ter time, we have offered to admit articles in de-
fence of slavery. To prevent misunderstanding,
we would state that in whatever remarks
we make against slavery, we refer to the system,
and not to the conduct of individual slavehold-
ers. With "slavery in the abstract," or "slavery
in itself," we have nothing to do.

We saw yesterday, at the agricultural store of
Mr. A. G. Mann, some remarkably fine speci-
mens of Black Hamburg, White and Red
Chasselas, and White Frontignan grapes. They
were grown by H. T. Duncan, Esq., of Fayette
county, Ky., under glass, and are, we believe,
the first fruit of the kind ever exhibited in this
State.

The Dearest Moment.

There is a lonely moment,
In a green and quiet vale,
With its tall trees sighing mournfully,
To every passing breeze;
There are many a lonely moment,
In the sunlight gleaming fair,
But more green is that Syrian cot,
Its walls are grey and bare.

Where once glad voices sounded,
Of children in their mirth,
No whisper breaks the solitude
Of that deserted hearth.
The swallows from the dwelling
To the low eave hush forth,
And all night long the whippoorwill
Sings by the threshold stone.

No hand above the lattice,
No step on the trailing vines,
And through the broken casement panes
The moon at midnight shines;
And many a lonely moment,
Seems standing from the gloom,
Like forms of long departed ones,
Peeping that dim old room.

Oh, where are those whose voices
Rang out o'er hill and dale?
Gone!—and their muffled memories
Seem but an old-time tale.
Some to the quiet churchyard,
And some beyond the sea,
To meet no more as once they met
Beneath that old roof-tree.

Fame and ambition lured them
From that green vale to roam,
But as their dazzling dream departed
Regretful memories come,
Of the valley and the homestead,
Of their childhood pure and free,
Till each worn, weary spirit yearns
That home once more to see.

O, blast are they who linger
Mid old familiar things;
Where every object round the heart
Its hallowed influence brings,
Though won as wealth and honors,
Though reached from far-off lands,
There are no joys like those that spring
Within our childhood's home.

The Ugly Duckling.

BY CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[If our information be correct, we know nothing in this country of Danish literature, except through the medium of German translations; and the genius of these two languages unluckily has no correspondence whatever.—But the translation we now offer to our readers, has not merely a certain value as being taken from the Danish direct—it is a curiosity in itself; being the production of a young Danish lady, Zora Groos, of Kolding, who is self-taught in English, who never was out of her own country, and who never, except on one occasion, even conversed with a native of England.—This want of ordinary opportunities, our readers will see, has not prevented her from acquiring a competent knowledge of English; and we know that she is able to read Shakespeare with great enjoyment. We may add, that in this curious piece Andersen is supposed to have allegorized his own career.—Eds. CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.]

It was very lovely in the country, for it was summer; the corn was yellow and ripening, and in the green meadows stood the stork on his long red legs, and talked Egyptian, for that was the language his mother had taught him. Round the fields and meadows were large woods, and in the woods dark blue lakes. Oh, it was a lovely scene! In the bright sunshine stood an old manor-house, surrounded by a wall and a deep moat; and from the wall down to the water grew large leaves, so large and high, that a little child might stand upright upon some of them; and here a duck lay upon her nest; she was brooding over her eggs. But at this time she was very weary, for she had sat long, and she had very few visitors; the other ducks liking better to swim on the moat than to sit under the leaves and quack with her.

At length one egg cracked after another, and the little ones were hatched, and the little ones put forth their heads and cried, "Peep, peep!" "Quack, quack!" said the mother duck; and then the little ones looked abroad from under the green leaves, and their mother suffered them to look as long as they liked, for the green color is very pleasant to the eyes, and not at all harmful.

"How large the world is!" said all the little ones; for now they had more space to look about them than when they were in the egg.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said the mother. "Oh no; it reaches far to the other side of the garden, even to the clergyman's meadow; but there I have never been. I hope you are all here," said she, as she rose from her nest. "Ah no! the large egg is still there. How tedious it is!" and the poor duck lay down again.

"How do you do?" said an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

"One of my eggs will not hatch," answered she; "but pray look at my others; are not they the loveliest ducks you ever saw?" They are the very image of your father, the rascal, who does not even pay me a visit.

"Let me see the egg that will not burst," said the visitor; "surely it is the egg of a turkey!" I was once imposed upon in the very same manner, and the little ones very troublesome to me; for I must tell you they are afraid of the water. Leave off trying to hatch that egg, and teach your other ducklings to swim."

"I will try yet a little longer," said the poor duck.

"Do as you like," replied her visitor, and away she went.

At length the great egg cracked. "Peep, peep!" said the young one when he came out; but oh, how large and how ugly he was! The poor duck stared at him.

"What a wonderful large creature!" said she; "none of my others look like that. I hope it will not turn out to be a turkey; but that will soon be settled, for he shall go on the water, even if I push him in myself."

The following day the weather was lovely, the sun shone upon the large green leaves, and the mother duck with her whole family went to the moat; and plash in she plunged into the water. "Quack, quack!" said she, and all her little ones followed her, smoothly gliding upon the waves; and they were all there, even the great ugly gray creature was also swimming.

"No, it is no turkey," said she. See how nicely he uses his feet, how well he bears himself; he is my own little one all over; and indeed he is not so ugly. Now come all of you with me, and I will introduce you to the world, and present you to the poultry-yard; but you must keep near me, and beware of the cats."

So they went to the poultry-yard: here they found a terrible uproar, for two families had laid claim to an old hen, which at length the cat seized.

"Such is the world," said the mother duck, wiping her beak, for she, too, had taken a fancy to the cat's head. "Now make haste, come and curtsy to the old duck there; she is the grandest of the whole poultry-yard; she has Spanish blood in her veins; and she has a red rag tied round one of her legs; that is a most delightful thing, and the greatest honor a duck can obtain: it signifies that she is not to be lost, but that both animals and men are to know her. Come on; look to your feet; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide, like father and mother."

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er, now curtsy to her, and say "quack!" And they did so as well as they could; but the other ducks around said aloud, "What! are we to have them also here, as if we were not enough without them!—and look how ugly that one is; we will not suffer him to be among us; and so a duck ran and bit him in the neck."

"Let him alone," said his mother; "he does no harm."

"No; but he is such an immense creature, and looks so odd," said the duck that bit him.

"Your children are very pretty, my good woman," said the old duck with the red rag round her leg; "very charming, save that one which has not prospered so well; I wish he could be remodelled."

"That is impossible, your ladyship," replied the duck. "He certainly is not handsome, but he has a kind heart, and he swims so nicely, quite like the others—nay, perhaps somewhat better; and as he is a drake, the beauty is not of much consequence. I think he will be very strong, and then he will get well through the world."

"Your other ducklings are charming," said the Spanish duck. "Now regard this as your home; and if you should find a fish's head at any time, you can bring it to me."

And thenceforward they looked upon the poultry-yard as their home. But the poor duckling that was so large and so ugly was scorned and laughed at by the whole poultry-yard. The hens and ducks said, "He is such a huge ugly creature; and the turkey-cock, who was born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, puffed out his feathers, like a ship under sail, and marched straight up to him, and gobbled at him till his head grew red as fire. The poor duckling knew not whether to run or stand still; and felt very sorrowful at being so ugly, and the laughing-stock of the whole poultry-yard."

Thus it was the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was despised by them all; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him; "said said often, 'Would that the cat might catch thee, thou ugly one!' and even his mother said, 'Would that thou wert far from hence!' And the ducks still bit him, and the hens pecked him, and the servant who fed the poultry kicked him away with her foot."

At length he flew over the hedge; the little birds in the bushes were terrified. "Ah, it is because I am so ugly!" thought the poor duckling; and he stole away. On he wandered till he came to the great fens, where the wild geese dwelt; and there he lay awake the whole night, weary and sorrowful. Next morning the wild geese flew up, and then they discovered their new comrade; "What sort of a creature art thou?" said they; and the duckling turned to all sides, and made his best reverence. "Thou art very ugly," said the wild geese; "but no matter, if thou dost not marry any of our family." Poor creature! he did not think of marrying; if he were but suffered to lie in the reeds, and drink the muddy water in peace.

"Bang! bang!" two wild geese fell dead in the fens, and the water grew bloody. "Bang! bang!" whole troops of wild geese flew up; and then the report was again heard. It was a large shooting party. The sportsmen surrounded the fens; some were seated in branches of the trees. The blue smoke from the guns hung like a cloud over the dark leaves and the water; the dogs searched the fens. What a season of terror to the poor duckling! He turned his head in order to hide it under his wing from such dreadful sights, and saw an immense dog with flashing eyes and red tongue. He opened his mouth, showed his sharp white teeth, and slunk off. "Thank Heaven," thought the duckling, "that I am so ugly that even the dog will not bite me; and he kept quite still while the shots were rushing through the reeds."

Some time after, all became silent, but yet he dared not move. He waited several hours; then at last he looked round, and left the fens as fast as possible. Away he ran over the fields and meadows; and the wild blew so high, he could hardly go on. About midnight he reached a poor little cottage. It was so miserable that it did not know to which side to fall, and therefore it stood.

The wind grew higher and higher; and looking eagerly for a shelter, the poor duckling saw that the door fitted so miserably, that there was room for him to creep in through the crack; and so he did.

There an old woman lived with her cat and hen—the cat could catch mice, mew and purr; and the hen laid good eggs, and the old woman loved them both as if they had been her children.

Next morning they discovered the poor duckling, when the hen began to cackle and the cat to mew: this attracted the attention of the old woman. "What is the matter?" said she; and soon she too observed the duckling, and being short-sighted, thought it was some very large fat duck that had lost its way. "What a good catch I have got; now I shall have that egg!" Ah! hope it is no drake; that we shall soon see."

And she waited three weeks, but had no eggs. And the duckling found that the cat was master of the house, and the hen was mistress; and whenever they conversed, they always said, "We and the world!" and they thought themselves the greatest and best part of the world. Sometimes the duckling attempted to be of another opinion, but the hen would not permit it.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked she. "No," replied the poor duckling. "Then hold your tongue."

And the cat would say—"Can you catch mice, mew, and purr?"

"No," replied the poor duckling. "Then you must be silent when wiser people are speaking."

And the duckling sat in one corner of the room, and was always very sad. He thought of the open air, of the sunshine, and he longed to glide once more upon the water. At length this desire grew so strong upon him, that he told it to the hen.

"What an idea! said she. "You have nothing to do, and therefore you have such fancies. Lay eggs, or catch mice, and you will soon forget them."

"But it is so delightful to swim upon the water," said the duckling; "so delightful to bathe in it, to plunge one's head under it!" "Delightful indeed!" answered the hen. "You have lost your wits to a certainty; ask the cat, the cleverest creature I know, if it would like to glide upon the water! Or even ask our mistress, the old woman (wiser than her there is none in the world), if she would like to swim in the water indeed, or dive under it."

"Alas! you do not understand me," said the poor duckling.

"But if we cannot understand thee who can? Do you think yourself wiser than the cat, or the old woman, or even than me! Thank Heaven, my child, for your happiness. Do you not live in a warm room; and have you not made profitable acquaintances in the cat and me? But you are ungrateful, and it is not pleasant to hold intercourse

with such; you may rely upon me that I wish you well, for I tell you all these unpleasant things; and that is the sign of a true friend. Now do your best to lay eggs or catch mice."

"I will go out into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Pray do," answered the hen.

The wretched duckling left the cottage; he soon met with some water; he plunged into it, and swam over it in rapture.

It was now autumn; the leaves in the woods became yellow and brown, the wind whirled them around, and then lurled them away, the air became cold, the clouds were heavy with hail and snow; it was a miserable time for the poor duckling.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, a whole troop of large beautiful birds rushed forth from the bushes; the duckling had never seen anything so fair; they were dazzlingly white, with long slender necks; it was a troop of swans. They spread their large, glorious wings, and flew away from the cold lands to warmer countries—to the sweet blue lakes; they soared higher and higher, and the poor ugly duckling was quite bewildered with their loveliness and their powers. He could not forget them, those beautiful, those happy birds, he knew not their name, nor whether they flew, but he felt such love to them as he had never felt for anything before; he did not envy them; how could he think of being like them, poor ugly creature, who would have been glad if even the ducks had suffered him to live among them.

Winter came and with it the piercing cold of the north; the duckling was soon obliged to keep swimming round and round in the water of a pond, to prevent its freezing; but every night the hole grew smaller, and he was compelled to move his feet incessantly to keep it open; at length he became very faint, and lay quite benumbed in the ice.

The next morning a peasant passed, saw him, broke the ice with his wooden shoe, and bore him home, where he was brought to life again; and the children wanted to play with him; but the duckling was afraid of them, and in his terror he flew up into the milk-dish, so that half the milk was spilt. The peasant's wife began to scream; this frightened him into the butter-tub, then into the meal-box, and out again. Heaven! how odd he looked, all milk and meal!

And the woman attempted to reach him with the tongs, and the children ran after him, laughing and screaming. What luck for the poor duckling that the door was open! Away he ran, and plunged into the snow, where he lay in a sort of lethargy.

But it would be too sad to describe the misery of the wretched creature during the long winter. When the snow melted, he found himself lying in the fens; soon the sun began to shine warmly, and the larks to sing—the sweet spring was come. Then at once he raised his wings; they were far larger than when he last spread them, and bore him rapidly away: soon he saw himself in a large garden, where the apple-trees were blooming, where the lilacs exhorted their fragrance, and dipped their long green branches in the deep-dwelling river. Everything was full of beauty, and upon the water floated three fair swans, lightly skimming the waves with their dazzling wings. The duckling recognised the beautiful birds, and his heart throbbed. "I will fly to them, the kindly birds. Perhaps they will kill me, because I am so ugly have ventured to approach them; but no matter—better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked away by the servants, and suffer all that I have done through the long rough winter; and he swam towards the beautiful swans; they saw him, and approached. "Kill me," said the wretched creature, and bowed his head to the surface of the water, and expected instant death. But what did he see in the clear waters? His own image! and lo! he was no longer a clumsy, swarthy bird, ugly and despised—he was himself a swan! (It matters not to have been born in a poultry-yard, if one has but lain in the egg of a swan.) He was almost glad he had suffered so much. Now he knew better how to value all the happiness that surrounded him. And the swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children came into the garden and cast bread and cakes into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, "There is a new swan!" and the other children repeated joyfully, "Yes, there is a new one!" and they clapped their hands, and danced, and called their father and mother, and bread and cakes were thrown to him, and they all cried, "The new swan is the most beautiful—so young and fair!" and the old swans bowed to him.

Then he felt quite bashful, and hid his head under his wing, he knew not why; but he felt too happy, but not proud; for a kind heart never becomes proud. He felt how despised he had been, and now he heard himself praised as the fairest of these fair birds; and the lilacs bowed to him with their graceful branches; and the sun shone out brightly. Then his eyes sparkled, he lifted his slender, elegant neck, and full of joy, he exclaimed, "I did not dream of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!"

The following interesting sketch, from the Athenaeum, of the prototype of Madame De Staël's Corinne, will be new to most of our readers:—

Corinne died at sixty, in the year 1800. She must, therefore, have been an old woman, near the end of her brilliant career, when Rosini knew her among the frequenters of La Fabroni's saloon, her real name was Maddalena Morelli, and by marriage was a Spaniard in the employment of the government at Naples, Maddalena Fernandez. She was born at Pistoia, of parents in humble circumstances; and was adopted for the sake of her beauty and precocious talents by the Princess Colanubano, who took her to Naples, where she married. Her vivacity, beauty, and talents, especially that for improvisation, made her at once "the rage" at Naples.

Her renown rapidly spread throughout Italy; and we find her visiting Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Venice;—and every where reaping fresh laurels and praises from princes and potentates of all sorts. Of the worthy Signor Fernandez we hear nothing whatever; the while, it is to be supposed, that like a good bird, he stayed at home to keep the nest warm. In 1765, his gifted spouse went to Inspruck, at the invitation of Maria Theresa, "per cantare le nozze di Maria Luigia di Borbone" with Pietro Leopoldo. On her return from Germany, loaded with honors and presents of all sorts, she was made "reale poetessa" (a royal poet, not a real poetess, gentle reader,) with a pension from the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

In 1775, we find her once more at Rome, where she became at once the passion of the "Arcadi." These gentle shepherds named her one of their "pastorelle," and gave her the Arcadian name of Corilla. In the Olympics,—by which she was ever af-

ter known. "This honor," says the historian, "she merited by two *accademie*, in which she treated twelve subjects in various ancient metres with exquisite poetical beauty, profound learning, and such rapidity that Nardini, the professor, who accompanied her on the violin, was not able to keep up with her." In the following year she was crowned at the Capitol, on the 31st of August, 1776, after a fresh exhibition of improvisation, "*sui temi filosofici e teologici*," (on philosophical and theological themes.) This was the culminating point of her glory. Cardinals, princes, and prelates vied in feigning her; poets from all parts of Italy poured in their tribute of incense. But in the midst of all this glory, as is usually the case, it began to appear to some that the Roman world were disproportionately lavished of applause to a lady who had, after all, but made some tolerably melodious verses; such as hundreds of others could make in any desired, or rather undesired, quantity. This tone once taken, the revolution is generally violent. The ridicule of the thing was felt—and poor Corilla (tell it not in Arcady) was laughed at. Old Pasquini took up the cudgels, lampoons rained fast and thick, and Corilla left Rome,—in no want, however, of an honored asylum. For Paul the First, and Catherine the Second, of Russia, invited and pensioned her. Joseph the Second, of Austria, invited her to his capital. But she preferred Florence, where she seems to have passed the remainder of her life, admired, honored, and beloved, in the enjoyment of *esthetica* *cau succre* (an Italian Countess would in those days as soon have thought of giving her guests rhubarb as tea), and in the courteous interchange of those Arcadian laudations and literary insipidities which were so much then in vogue.

Device of an Arab Lady.

For the edification of those who imagine they can penetrate the designs of women, we have translated, from a French volume on Oriental manners, the following little story. To understand it, we have to inform our readers that among the Orientals it is customary to agree for a time to pay a stipulated forfeit if a husband receives from a wife, or a wife from a husband, anything whatever, without previously pronouncing the words "*Diadeste*." Each, therefore, practices the greatest ingenuity to throw the other off his or her guard.

A philosopher of that country, who was by no means insensible to female charms, had often worshipped at their shrine, and as often, as he thought, had suffered from their wiles and caprices. But he determined to become wiser. He collected a number of stories of female cunning, and copied them into a book, which he always carried about him, as occasion might require to consult it.

One evening as he was passing through an Arab camp, he noticed at the entrance of one of the tents a young woman of uncommon beauty. She saluted him as he passed, offering that he might enter and rest from his fatigue. Scarcely had he taken his seat on the carpet, and near the beautiful creature, when he became alarmed; he drew his book from his pocket and began to read, without daring to cast a single glance at his fair neighbor.

"That must be a charming book," said the lady, "to engross your whole attention so."

"Indeed it is," replied the philosopher, "but it contains secrets."

"Which certainly you would not conceal from me!" said the lady, with an irresistible smile.

"Since you will have it so," retorted the philosopher, "it contains a complete list of all the arts and wiles of cunning women; but I am sure you could not learn anything from it, and so it would not interest you."

"Are you certain that your list is complete?" said the lady again.

Thus the conversation was gradually resumed, the philosopher pocketed his book, and so far forgot himself and his system of philosophy that he was kneeling before the lady, holding one of her hands between his own; and who knows what might have been the result, had not the lady espied at a distance her husband, who was returning home. Struck with terror, she exclaimed, "I see my husband at a distance, returning homeward! Should he find you here, he will put both of us to death. I see but one chance for your escape, conceal yourself in this box, of which I keep the key."

It may be supposed the philosopher did not long hesitate to conceal himself, and the lady locked the box and drew the key. As the Arab entered his tent, the lady met him with a smile saying, "You come in good time—for a stranger, calling himself a philosopher, stopped at our tent to rest, but so far forgot himself and propriety, as to talk to me of love."

The Arab began to foam at the mouth with rage; but who can describe the agony of the philosopher, who could in his retreat hear every word that was spoken! "Where shall I find the wretch!" exclaimed the Arab, "that my sword may put an end for ever to a similar presumption!" "Here, in this box," said the lady holding out the key.

The enraged Arab snatched it out of her hand, but she soon retook it in a fit of laughter. "Instantly pay me a forfeit, for I have caught you at last accepting a thing without pronouncing the word *Diadeste*."

For awhile the Arab stood as if petrified, and after recovering a little from his anger, said—"I have lost, and must pay the forfeit, but let me request you hereafter to gain your ends without giving me such bitter vexation."

After a while the Arab had to attend to other business, and left his tent, and the lady unlocked the box, in which she found the poor philosopher more dead than alive. On saying, "you are safe," the philosopher vaulted nimbly from his retreat. "Depart in peace," said the lady to him, "but do not forget to record this day's occurrence in your book."

Love's Lesson.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

1.
Minn's mine! across the meadows
Rippling now two limpid streams,
Singing now through twilight shadows,
Sparkling now in noontide dawns,
Like tiny cheeks the flow'rs that blossom
Near them, and those eyes of thine
Shame the best of all that water embosom,
Minn's mine!

2.
Minn's mine! those streams sailing,
Hence together hold their way;
Plainly to my vision writing,
(What else, Minn, could they say?)
"Nature's law is one of union—
Such, too, is the heart that liveth
Beautiful and bold communion,
Minn's mine!"

3.
Minn's mine! I know not whether
I love leonard right;
But if streams thus come together,
And their destinies unite,
Why may not the heart that liveth
Ope in the love of things,
Gain the boon for which it striveth,
Minn's mine?

Generosity of Ashbur.

The sight of a learned man in want made even the satirist Ashbur so uneasy, that he could not forbear lending him money. The prudently economical Addison for some time freely opened his purse to remove the difficulties of his friend Steele, produced by foolish extravagance. There does not seem to exist the slightest confirmation of the story of Addison having put an execution into Steele's hands to recover a sum of money which he owed him. In a letter to his wife, written in August 1708, Steele mentions that he has "paid Mr. Addison the whole one thousand pounds;" and at a later period he says, "Mr. Addison's money you will have to-morrow noon." It is related of Goldsmith, whose heart adored humanity, that he enlarged his list of pensioners as his finances increased, and that his charity extended even to his last guinea. Once he visited a poor woman, whose sickness he plainly perceived was occasioned by an empty cupboard, he sent her a pill-box containing ten guineas, bearing the inscription, "To be taken as occasion may require." "He was frequently deceived by impostors, who worked upon his generous sympathies with fabricated tales of most lamentable misfortune; but no feeling mind will harshly condemn him for his unsuspecting credulity and overflowing humanity. In his unbounded philanthropy he exclaims—

"Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrow falls,
To see the hard of human bliss so small:
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness conigned;
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest."

Gray, in one of his letters, written in 1761, says that Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, the writer on natural history and agriculture, lives in a garret in the winter, that he may support some near relations, who depend upon him. He is always employed, always cheerful, and is an honest, worthy man. Voltaire was ever happy to assist persons in distress, especially young persons of talent struggling with difficulty. The grand-daughter of the great dramatic poet, Peter Corneille, being destitute of money and friends, attracted the sympathy of Voltaire, who supported her for three years; and having by that time finished her education, he married her to a gentleman. Voltaire not only gave her a marriage-portion, but he wrote, and published by subscription, for her benefit, a commentary on the works of her celebrated grandfather, whereby she obtained in a short time, fifty thousand livres. The King of France subscribed eight thousand livres, and some foreign princes followed his example: the Duke de Choiseul, the Duchess de Grammont, and Madame de Pompadour, subscribed considerable sums. M. de la Barde, the King's banker, took several copies, and greatly increased the sale of the work by his zeal in promoting the benevolent intentions of Voltaire. To an unfortunate bookseller at Colmar, whose affairs were much deranged, Voltaire made a present of his "Annals of the Empire," and also lent five thousand livres. Two brothers, respectable citizens of Geneva, having invited him to print his productions there, he complied, and made a present of his works to them in the same handsome manner as he had done to the bookseller at Colmar.

Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreat, in company with his Delia (Miss Wilmot), when a rather unpleasant intruder rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Delia fainted, while Shenstone quietly surrendered his purse, anxious to see the back of the man as quickly as possible.

The robber seized the money, and immediately decamped. Shenstone ordered his foot-boy to pursue him at a distance, and observe whether he went. In a short time the lad returned, and informed his master that, having traced the man to his home, he peeped through the keyhole of the door, and saw him throw the purse to his wife, and then taking up two of his poor children, one on each knee, he said to them he had ruined his soul for keep them from starving, and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Having learned that he was a laborer, reputed honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a large family, Shenstone went to his house, when the man, kneeling down at his feet, implored mercy. The poet not only forgave him, but provided him with employment as long as he lived.

When Lord Byron resided in the Albany, Piccadilly, a young lady, an unsuccessful poetess, who was friendless, and involved in difficulties through the misfortunes of her family, whose distressed state deeply preyed upon her mind, resolved, on the plea of authorship, to introduce herself to Byron, and solicit his subscription to her poems.

From a perusal of his works, she concluded that he was of an amiable disposition, and in difficulties through the misfortunes of her family, whose distressed state deeply preyed upon her mind, resolved, on the plea of authorship, to introduce herself to Byron, and solicit his subscription to her poems.

She did not, of course, look at the paper while in his presence, as his conversation was too delightful to be relinquished for a moment; but on her leaving him, she inspected it, when to her joy she found it was a draft on his banker for fifty pounds.

Roscoe humanely devoted the profits of his amusing "Memoir of Richard Roberts" to the use of that singular, helpless, and half-witted person, well known in Liverpool for the extraordinary number of languages which he could read, sell, laugh.

After the publication of Roscoe's work, the poor, and old, dithyrambic linguist, might be seen properly clothed, with his portable library under his arm, in his former times, between his shirt and his skin, for he still disdained a fixed abode.—Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

The Nile—the Pyramids.

After all, it is something to have seen these red waters. It is only low green banks, mud-huts, and palm-clumps, with the sun setting red behind them, and the great, tall, sinuous river, flashing here and there in the light. But it is the Nile, the old Saturn of a stream—a divinity yet, though younger river gods have deposed him! Hail! O, venerable father of crocodiles!

We were all lost in sentiments of the profound awe and respect which we proved by tumbling down into the cabin of the Nile steamer that was waiting to receive us, and fighting and cheating for sleeping berths.

At dawn in the morning we were on deck; the character had not altered of the scenery about the river. Vast flat stretches of land were on either side, recovering from the subsiding inundations: near the mud villages, a country ship or two was roosting under the date trees; the landscape everywhere stretching away level and lonely.

In the sky in the east was a long streak of greenish light, which widened and rose until it grew to be of an opal color, then orange, then, behold, the round red disk of the sun rose flaming up above the horizon.

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